I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vncles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes.
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death.
Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man:
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall termes to give him chastisement?
Eyther I must, or have mine honour spoyl'd
With th' Atteindor of his sland'rous lips,
There is my Gage, the manuall seale of death
That markes thee out for hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy hearts blood, though being all too base,
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.
Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath moovd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, (and vantingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble *Glosters* death.
If thou denyest it, twenty times thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. *Aumerle*, thou lyest: his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all unjust:
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extremest poynt
Of mortall breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum.

Aum. And if I doe not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengefull Steele,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Sur. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
I doe remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in presence then;
And you can witnesse with me, this is true.
Sur. As false, by heaven,
As heaven it selfe is true.
Fitz. Surry, thou lyest,
Sur. Dishonourable Boy;
That lye shall lye so heauy on my sword,
That it shall render Vengeance and Revenge,
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honours pawne,
Engage it to the Tryall, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spurre a forward Horse?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or live,
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wildernesse,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my strong Correction.
As I intended to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeale.
Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lies, here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald, to try his honour.
Bul. These differences shall all rest under Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;
(And though mine Enemy) restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seigniories: when hee's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his Tryall.

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